

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES. }  
VOL. XXXI. }

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## POOR OLD JACK.

CHARLES PRESCOTT has a dear old dog whose name is Jack. One day, when he started to go across some fields and pastures to his Uncle Richard's, Jack followed. The two ran along for a while in high glee, and were as happy as could be. Pretty soon Jack began to smell along on the ground, and Charles saw that he had found the track of some animal and was following it. He followed Jack, and it was not long before they came to a woodchuck's hole dug in the ground.

"What a prize I have found!" thought Jack; but he saw that the hole, although big enough for a woodchuck, was not big enough for him, and that he must dig hard and long before the prize would be his.

But no sooner had he begun to dig with his fore-paws than snap went a steel-trap which a hunter had set at the mouth of the hole, and covered with a thin layer of earth, so that the woodchuck might not see it, and be caught when he stepped on it.

Poor Jack was caught fast by his left fore-foot. How frightened he was, and how the sharp, saw-like edges of the trap did hurt!

Charles was frightened too; but he at once took Jack's foot out of the trap and coaxed him home.

Then he took a bottle of Balm of Gilead out of the closet where his mother always kept such things, and wetting a soft, clean, white handkerchief with the balm, carefully tied it around the dog's lame foot.

See how grateful Jack is for this kind treatment. He is just as grateful as any little girl or boy could be for the same kind treatment.

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For The Dayspring.

## OUR BABY BROTHER.

'Twas early one morning, when Annie and I,  
All snug in our bed by dear mother,  
Were wakened by hearing a wee baby cry,  
And were told 'twas our dear little brother.

"Oh, bring him right here!" cried Annie and I,  
And we moved far away from each other,  
To make a warm place where baby might lie, —  
Our dear little bit of a brother!

So good nursey brought him, and Annie and I  
Put our arms round our cunning, wee brother;  
And hugged and kissed him till nursey did cry,  
"Be careful, or baby will smother!"

And then we both looked at him, Annie and I,  
And whispered, and said to each other,  
"He surely was sent to us straight from the sky,  
Such a sweet little bit of a brother!

"How kind God has been," said Annie and I,  
"To give us this dear little brother;  
Oh, let us be good, and then, by and by,  
Perhaps he will send us another."

M. O. K.

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A CHILD who found the moon shining on a night when the children were sledding thought God had hung out a lamp for them to slide by.

For The Dayspring.

## WON BY ROSES.

BY ELMER LYNNE.



DON'T see why Ruth Lanman is working so hard to get the highest honors at commencement. They are such plain, common people, her mother being only a dressmaker, what difference will it make to them whether or no Ruth comes off with flying colors? You see it is so different with me, Clara; for papa and mamma are very ambitious, and Uncle Lyman has promised me an exquisite gold watch, in place of my old one, if I am number one. I shall be so disappointed if I fail!"

The young girl who made this cruel, selfish speech, part of which was overheard by the dressmaker's daughter, was about sixteen years of age, with the fresh, sweet face of youth, for it did not always have a frown upon it. She was a remarkably brilliant scholar; and, in fact, she and Ruth Lanman had outstripped all the other members of their class just before commencement, but it seemed doubtful which of the two would win.

Clara Myers, who was Irene's intimate friend, and into whose ear she generally poured all her sorrows, was quite surprised at this outburst. She admired Irene exceedingly, but she was not at all cruel in her nature, and she could not see any reason why Ruth Lanman should not aim as high in scholarship as her brilliant friend. She only said, however, in reply: "I think you are unjust, Irene, to Ruth. She is certainly ladylike and lovely, if her mother is a dressmaker."

The short recess came to a close just then, and the girls went back to their studies.

That afternoon, when Ruth returned from school a little sorrowful at heart, — for she was very sensitive, — but with a bright smile on her face to cheer her sick mother to whom her coming was ever a sunbeam, she thought her mother looked a little more ill than usual.

The latter, however, welcomed her with a bright smile, and said: "Come here, Ruth, and let me say a few words to you. I do not need, my child, to tell you again how anxious I am for you to graduate at the head of your class. If my sickness continues" (she did not refer to the prospect of death, which she felt was very near, for she knew that it would unnerve this gentle, loving daughter), "you will probably have to support us all, and four is a large family to be cared for by one so young. But, as I told you before, dear, if you graduate at the head of your class, with Mrs. Arnott's recommendation, you will have no difficulty in obtaining a situation anywhere to teach. That is all I have to say now, child, for I am tired;" and the pallid lips and cheeks fully corroborated her words.

"Child, how pale you look," said Irene's mother, as her daughter entered the room on her return from school that afternoon. "I am afraid you are studying too hard."

"Well, mother," Irene replied, "I don't know but I am, for I feel wretchedly to-day; but I must be number one, not only to satisfy my ambition, but to get that little jewelled watch Uncle Lyman has held out to me as an incentive. So, sick or well, I shall have to" —

Before she finished the sentence, she turned perfectly white, and fell to the floor. Her mother was very much alarmed, but soon found that she had only fainted. She soon summoned a servant to her assistance, and between them they succeeded in



raising Irene to the sofa, where, notwithstanding their efforts, she lay white and motionless until the physician arrived.

After restoring his patient to consciousness, he surveyed her for some time in silence, and then, turning to her mother, who was anxiously awaiting the verdict, he said: "Madam, your daughter is killing herself. She will probably go through a siege of fever; but, when she recovers, she must not look at a book for a year."

Irene lifted up her head to protest; but she felt so weak and miserable that she said nothing, but a few disappointed, girlish tears began to find their way from under her closed eyelids.

She was removed to her own luxurious room, and every effort was made to ward off the fever; but still it would come, confining her to her bed for three weeks.

"What shall I do, mamma?" she said, a day or two after she was first taken ill. "I was so near the goal, and now Ruth Lanman will reach it in my place. It does not seem as if I could be reconciled to forego the honors I craved so much."

"Who is Ruth Lanman, Irene?" inquired her mother, to divert her mind, if possible, from herself. "I have heard you speak so often of her, and as if you did not like her either. Is she disagreeable in any way?"

"Well, no, not in appearance exactly," replied Irene; "but she belongs to a plain, common family, her mother being only a dressmaker. And she has been trying her best to excel me, and now she is going to. Oh, I cannot bear it!" and the tears began to come fast.

As Irene was getting excited, her mother said nothing, although she regretted the selfish spirit exceedingly that her daughter manifested; but she was recalled from her painful thoughts by a knock at the door,

and the entrance of a servant carrying in her hand a bunch of lovely, fragrant, old-fashioned white roses.

Irene was passionately fond of flowers, and particularly of these white roses, which always brought to mind her lovely childhood in the country.

"Where did they come from, mamma?" she exclaimed, as her eye caught sight of them. "Are they not beauties?"

There was a little slip of paper tucked modestly among them, on which was written: "Miss Whilden, from Ruth Lanman."

Mrs. Whilden merely read it aloud, but made no remark.

Irene's better nature was touched. "How kind it was of Ruth to send these, mamma! Now I remember, one day, as I passed her little house, which is some distance out, and where it is quite country-like around, seeing a white-rose bush in front of it. It was last year, I believe, just about this time, and it was perfectly covered with roses,—their only flowers too, I think. How kind she is, and generous!" and again the tears began to run down Irene's cheeks as she thought of her own want of generosity or even courtesy to Ruth.

Her mother was quite alarmed at seeing Irene so much excited, for it was very important that she should be kept perfectly quiet; but she went up to her bedside, and smoothed her soft hair, and soothed her, until she went off into a light sleep again.

Day after day Irene was learning a lesson of gentleness and patience in her sick-chamber; and day after day Ruth was working with a pain in her heart, but with a noble resolve to meet the hopes and desires of her sick mother, and to qualify herself for the duties which were very sure to devolve upon her.

Every day, as long as the white roses lasted, a cluster of the choicest were sent

to the sick girl; for no root of bitterness or desire for revenge had found a lodgement in Ruth's gentle nature, and, as the fragrance of the roses filled the room, a sweetness took possession of Irene's heart that had hitherto been a stranger there.

Commencement day arrived at last, and, seated in the large, airy room where the exercises were to take place, and which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, were the bright-faced, white-robed pupils, conspicuous among them for her sweet, intellectual face the dressmaker's daughter.

Irene had not returned to school, and was not with the pupils, but in the audience there was no more interested spectator than she. When the diplomas were presented, and Ruth Lanman, on receiving hers, received warm commendation for her perseverance in diligent, faithful study, and was, in a brief but flattering speech from the President of the Board of Trustees, congratulated as the first of her class, no feeling of envy at Ruth's success came back to Irene, — that was gone for ever.

But Ruth received an exquisite basket of flowers from her former rival, and among the fragrant blossoms she found a dainty note, over which she shed some joyful tears, — a few words only, in Irene's handwriting: —

DEAR RUTH, — You have won two victories to-day. Will you accept the last, and be my friend? I know that you are generous enough to say yes, and forgive

Your ever grateful

IRENE.

BE temperate in food, modest in apparel, careful in speech, civil in manners, prudent in counsel, strong in adversity, humble in prosperity, grateful for favors, cheerful under contempt, patient in affliction, discreet in all your actions.

Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

## LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

### XI.

BOSTON, March 10, 1879.

MY DEAR GRANDCHILDREN, — I believe there are half-a-dozen of you of various ages, but none quite too old to be called children by an old woman of seventy odd. And I hope none of you are in a hurry to be thought "grown up." If you are, you will not like the books which I remember with great affection, and which I hope you will look at when you have an opportunity, and let me know what you think of them. I heard one of you say mournfully, "I have read the books mother had when she was a little girl," — as if you had swallowed an insipid dose; possibly the same books your grandmother had when *she* was a little girl. But they were interesting then, I do assure you, and I cannot see why they should not be so now. If you do not like them at all, perhaps I shall be as cross as a grandmother can be, and say you are spoiled children about reading. It would seem to me as if you had learned to like highly spiced dishes, and to despise baked apples and milk.

The first book I ever *owned* was "The Original Poems;" and some of them were so funny, that I learned them by heart before I could spell that long word "original." There was a conversation between a cow and very polite donkey, of which the moral was very plain, without a word that I could skip. Then there was a tale called "Never play with Fire;" it cured my brother and me of flourishing the burnt ends of sticks, to make what we called red ribands; and to this day the rattling by of the fire-engines makes me think of the fearful

"Down the stairs  
Run threes and pairs,  
Enough to break their bones."

There was "Meddlesome Matty" (I have known many such girls since); and there was "The Pin," which has made me stoop to pick up hundreds of pins in my long life. What becomes of pins nobody knows, but if I had all I have found, I might fill a paper, if I had the necessary patience. But "The Use of Sight," if not as entertaining as some others, did me real good. When I went to walk, I saw many pretty or strange things which I never should have observed if I had not read that little poem. I must be honest enough to say that although I liked the jingle, and had many favorites in the book, there were many verses which did not charm me at all: I thought them dull, and cannot wonder if you do. But the lively ones had a meaning, and I remember them in my old age even better than the tales of human beings, and even cats, birds, and dogs, who had sorrows.

"The Original Poems" were written chiefly by Miss Jane Taylor and her sister Ann. Jane was a bright child, and began to compose verses at eight years of age. She never troubled her parents to find amusement for her, but as she grew older became a helper with the younger children, and a good housekeeper; a very useful, as well as a graceful, intelligent lady.

Now, do you know any thing of the delightful Miss Edgeworth? Is it possible I must introduce her to you? I am told it is necessary: that she is a perfect stranger to the rising generation, that she is out of fashion! That is a pity; a dead loss to you. When I was about eight years old, my mother went out to tea one summer afternoon, and took me, because there was a little girl of about my age in the family who had no playmate. Of course, we did

at first as children usually do, — stood looking shyly at each other, not knowing what to say or do; so the old folks went into the other room, leaving us to "get acquainted." Unluckily, a book lay on the table which looked attractive: I read the first lines, — "Rosamond, a little girl about seven years old, was walking with her mother in the streets of London;" then I just wanted to see what happened to her, and I read on and on. I soon came to the purple jar, and must see how Rosamond's choice turned out. At last my mother looked in and said, "Why don't you little girls go and play?" I said, "In a minute." She went back, and presently Susan whispered modestly, "Don't you want to see my big doll?" and I said, "In a minute," and read on. Poor Susan fidgeted about, and by and by murmured, "I've got a new tea-set: shan't we play tea?" and I answered impatiently, "Presently," and read on. I was fascinated; I knew nothing of Miss Edgeworth, but I thought I must know about Rosamond's housewife. Then we were called to tea in good earnest, poor Susan half crying, she was so disappointed of her play; and I as much disappointed, because I had not been able to finish the story. Then we went home, and I asked my father to buy Rosamond for me; and he refused, because I had been such a selfish little girl, and he was right. But I cannot understand why Rosamond should not interest little girls now as much as it did seventy years ago!

In time I became acquainted with all Miss Edgeworth's stories; and to this day I do not believe any can be found that have a better influence on your every-day lives. "The Parent's Assistant" has stories adapted to boys and girls, and to different ages; they meet with no marvellous adventures, but the characters are all alive, and



the children who read about "Lazy Lawrence," and "Simple Susan" with her guinea-hen, will never forget them. After reading "Waste not, Want not," I doubt if my brother and I did not take precious care of every bit of good cord we got; and I might suppose that is the reason my twine-drawer to this day might supply half my neighbors with strings.

Now we had few books when I was a little girl,—what you would call *very few*,—so we read them over again, till we almost knew them by heart, and we got out all the good there was in them. One reading seldom does that with a book that is worth reading. And I do believe that you young folks now-a-days go skating over the wide sea of children's stories, thinking only of speed and fun. Amusement is a fine thing: I believe in it truly, as I do in innocent romping; you will be the better for both, taken *wisely*, as they can be. But our old-fashioned story-books, such as Miss Edgeworth's, gave us amusement, I am sure, and knowledge too, and I would advise you not to neglect them. It is true, Miss Edgeworth seems to have had wonderfully smart children to deal with; but they will be excellent company for you.

Miss Edgeworth was herself a charming lady. She was of an excellent Irish family, and wrote some of the best novels in the English language. Her house was a delightful place to visit at; and though she became so famous that strangers sought to be introduced there, they found her quite as unaffected as she was bright and agreeable. She did not shut herself up to write, but sat scribbling in her own corner, with the family about, undisturbed by talk or fun, and entering cheerfully into all that was going on.

There was another book, which I was told was a famous allegory. I read it when

I was so young that I did not know the difference between allegory and alligator, and never could remember which title belonged to my book. At first I supposed I was reading of a real dream; but when the meaning of it all was explained to me, the history of the poor pilgrim's progress from the City of Destruction was intensely interesting. My little daily life was colored by it. How often I waded through the Slough of Despond, how often I climbed the Hill Difficulty, I know not. My small troubles were lions in my path; a huge, ugly man with a beard (men shaved in those days) was Giant Despair; and a kindly gentleman who came often to our house might be Mr. Greatheart, though he surely never fought beast or fiend. And how I longed to be as innocent and good as those shepherds on the Delectable Mountains! Then it was so wonderful that the queer names of the characters should fit them so well. I could not take in much of the religious talk, and a great deal is different from what we believe; but if you cannot enjoy "The Pilgrim's Progress" as heartily as I did, while you are young, I am sorry for you.

It is more than two hundred years since this wonderful narrative was written by John Bunyan, a poor, uneducated English tinker. In those days it was thought an outrageous thing that such a man should go about the country preaching, and he was put in prison for it. Eager to save souls, it was in prison that he wrote the book which has had thousands of readers, has been translated into many languages, and has made the name of humble John Bunyan a shining one, when Time has wiped out those of many a more learned writer.

Let me advise you, when you read a book that interests you, to find out something

about the author: the life may explain something of the book, and increase its interest.

Grandmothers are usually as great chatterboxes as their grandchildren, but I have said enough for the present, and have the sense to know it. If you should really enjoy some of the "Original Poems," and Miss Edgeworth's "Harry and Lucy," with the "Parent's Assistant," and also the "Pilgrim's Progress," you will be glad that I have rubbed the dust off the old-fashioned delights of my childhood.

GRANDMOTHER LOIS.

## XII.

Boston, March 10, 1879.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I am triumphant! I have persuaded mother to rub up her memories for you, and I am sure you will be pleased. She was sure at first that she had nothing to say you would care to read; but as we talked over her old favorites she warmed up, and determined to do what she could toward giving them a letter of introduction to the generation that has lost the pleasure of their acquaintance.

If you want to follow up her hint as to learning something about authors, you will find help in a pretty little new book, "About Old Story-Tellers," by Mr Donald G. Mitchell. Of those mother has mentioned he tells about John Bunyan and Miss Edgeworth; the writer of Robinson Crusoe comes in (mother thought you would not need to be advised to read that!), and four or five other writers of books you will probably read some time, or at least will want to know about.

I shall try and tell you about some of the newest books in my next letter.

Your loving

AUNT ANNIE.

## FIRST STEPS IN LIFE.

LITTLE DICK CASWELL is just beginning to walk, and gets a fall almost as often as he tries. He fell just now when he tried; but his sister Susan picked him up, and is helping him along. In a moment she will let go of him; and he will be able, perhaps, to walk alone to his brother Robert, whose arms are stretched out to catch him.

Little Dick is taking his first steps in walking; but do you not know that there are first steps in every thing, and that these first steps are almost always as tottering and awkward as his? When a child is beginning to read, how often he stumbles at the words. When a little girl is beginning to sew, what poor sewing it is. When a boy makes his first box, how apt it is to be an awkward-looking thing. We have to keep trying and trying before we can do things well.

Do you not see little Dick's hand stretched out towards Robert as though he wanted help from him? He is doing just what we all ought to do in our first steps in life. We need help at first in whatever we try to do, and we ought to seek it from those older and wiser than ourselves. We ought to try as hard as we can ourselves, and yet ask the aid of others when we need it.





For The Dayspring.

## A NEW KIND OF PLAY.

BY REV. NATHANIEL SEAVER, JR.



T was a bright November day, and the scholars of the Centre School in Montrose were making the most of recess by playing, in pairs, squads, or dozens, familiar and noisy games. Not one of them enjoyed sport any more heartily than Gracie Leonard, for she had good health, good nature, and good relish for a laugh; but to-day she sat upon the school-house steps a looker-on. This was so unusual, that her classmates noticed it, and tried to tempt her to join them, — but in vain. Most of them soon returned to their play; but a few of her intimates, feeling sure that something had gone wrong, remained to console her.

"You look as blue as indigo," said Flossie Newell; "what's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing don't make folks stupid," said "Sis" Sampson. "Now, if you've swallowed a slate-pencil, or broken your leg, or torn your clothes" —

"Or lost a pin, or hooked an inkstand, or made mouths at the teacher," interrupted Estelle Ditson.

"Hush, girls!" said Laura Porter. "I know what's the matter: she's mourning over to-morrow's arithmetic lesson. I'm heart-broken myself, but I shan't begin to pine away before bedtime."

Gracie was now laughing. "No, you're all wrong: it is no crime nor accident; I was only thinking."

"Of what?"

"That most of the girls in our class are about twelve years old."

"Yes," said Nellie Gardiner; "all but Sallie Nippet, who is the youngest, poorest, and best in the class."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Nellie, for I was thinking of that too. There she sits, near the school window, studying her eyes out while we are playing, so that she can help her mother after she goes home. Since her father died, she can't come to school every day; but she makes such good use of her time that she keeps ahead of us all. Now I've been trying to think of some play in which she can take part. Do you remember the story teacher told about some emperor who offered a prize for the invention of a new pleasure?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Estelle. "It was King Philip of Spain, and Columbus won the reward by showing the Spaniards how to smoke tobacco."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Laura; "where's your history? It was Sir Walter Raleigh: he taught Queen Elizabeth how to chew spruce gum, and she made him a present of a set of false teeth, and then Daniel Webster" —

But Gracie had no notion of being laughed out of her thoughtfulness, and stopped the chatterer at this point by clapping her hand over her mouth. "I half believe," said she, "that I have invented, or rather found, the play we need."

"Tell it then at once," said "Sis," "for we are neither babies nor young ladies; there is no particular place for us. We can't go out evenings, because we are too young; we can't climb trees, that is too rude; we can't play with dolls, that's too childish, — but I mean to keep a doll to play with when I'm alone until I'm fifty years old. There is nothing left for us but books; and my folks won't let me read much, because, they say, my eyes are taxed enough by my studies."

"Look at the play-ground at this very minute!" said Nellie. "Catch is too boyish; Ring Around Her, and Sally Waters,

and others are the same old story, — just joining hands and whirling around. Croquet and Fox and Goose are better; but who can play them on a school-ground, with rough boys racing and tumbling in every direction, while Copenhagen” —

Here Nellie interrupted: “What has all this to do with Sallie?”

“This,” replied Gracie. “Didn’t you tell me that you lately tried on your last winter’s cloak, and that your legs and arms stuck so far through it that you are having a new one made?”

“Yes.”

“Well, Sallie’s birthday comes on Saturday, and I thought we might get up a surprise for her. It would beat Copenhagen, and the fun would last longer. I have always loved her since that time, over two years ago, when you made up a rhyme about her old tippet, Flossie; for mother told me then how brave and good she had been one night in a terrible storm.”

Here the school-bell rang, and the girls separated, with a hasty agreement to keep Gracie’s plan a secret, and to meet again, after school, to talk it over.

As soon as school was out, five of the party were on hand, ready to hear the rest; but where was Gracie? In the school-room, making up lessons. Her head was so full of the enterprise that she could make nothing else stay in it. ’Twas very vexatious; but the vexation soon passed off when, upon being at last dismissed, she found that her mates had worked into quite an enthusiasm for her scheme, and, indeed, planned without her. All had been trying to talk at once, but this was their general conclusion: Gracie was to take the lead, and get her father, Dr. Leonard, to help all he could, as he kept a horse and could be made useful in going on errands or carrying Gracie. Each girl was to see

the parents of a certain number of classmates, and ask for gifts of any kind, and for any member of Sallie’s family. Nellie was to ask Mrs. Peck, who lived next door to Sallie, for the use of her parlor as a place of meeting; and, above all, the strictest secrecy was to be observed. If these plans succeeded, all the class were to assemble at Mrs. Peck’s, just after dusk, and steal out, one at a time, with the nicest birthday gifts intended for Sallie alone. They could tell what these were if they wished; but no one was ever to ask or give information concerning any other donations, such as garments, if they managed to collect any.

Mrs. Peck gave her consent cheerfully, and so did Dr. Leonard, although he afterwards jokingly said it took so much of his time that he was afraid his patients would all get well; but Gracie told him he mustn’t complain, for it was his own fault if he did more than they asked of him. Great oaks spring from small acorns. The donation committee had wonderful success, for the parents entered into the matter as heartily as the children; and every one of the class agreed to come except Miss Lavinia Overnice, who sent in her donation (a scent-bag smelling so strongly of musk that Sallie never used it), and declined taking part in such a stupid affair when she was engaged for a fashionable assembly.

When Saturday arrived, Dr. Leonard found that he was booked for a long and hard day’s work. The donations poured in in quantities that made his eyes open, and brought Gracie’s heart into her throat; but they managed so skilfully that every thing was delivered at Sallie’s house without letting the family know how, when, or whence they got there. Then came the fun in the evening. Flossie held Mrs. Peck’s door ajar and, when the spies re-



ported that the coast was clear, one roguish miss after another popped out and popped back again, leaving her gift to be found, like a May basket, after the bell had rung. It kept Sallie running through the entry, but she did not lose patience. The conspirators could see that; for Mrs. Peck's kitchen-windows overlooked the Nippet sitting-room, and the family, in their confusion and rejoicing, forgot to let down the curtains.

It was agreed that the company should disperse at once after this part of the plan had been carried out, and, as Dr. Leonard was to take a number home in his carriage, they were not surprised at seeing him pass several times; but they were surprised when Mrs. Peck told them that their parents had asked her to keep them a little later and invite Sallie in to meet them, and they were almost dumb with astonishment, when, after a great knocking, stamping, and coughing, a perfect host of fathers, mothers, and brothers marched in from a neighboring house, where Dr. Leonard had been collecting them for an hour or more. I need not tell what they had in their baskets and bundles; I need not tell how rosy and happy Sallie looked in her new birthday dress; I need not tell that the surprisers were completely surprised, — but I must tell that the old folks were so noisy in Blindman's Buff and Puss in the Corner that the dogs howled all over the neighborhood. In fact, I am quite ashamed of them, — the old folks, not the dogs.

That is the story of Gracie's new kind of play. It is sensible; old or young of any age can play at it; there's lots of fun in it, and it lasts for weeks; it has ten thousand forms, and the more you play at it the better you like it. I do not say Gracie invented it, — she only revived it;

but so many good people have forgotten all about it, or at least lost all interest in it, that it seems to need inventing anew. In the Dictionary, the play is called Philanthropy, or Benevolence. Who can write out the rules of the game? It has but one rule, sometimes called golden: "Do unto others" — you know the rest.

For The Dayspring.

### RAIN, RAIN, GO TO SPAIN!

I'm tired of my music,  
And cannot do my sums;  
I've bothered with crocheting  
Till my fingers are all thumbs.

The cat has run down cellar,  
Tray's wet as wet can be;  
I cannot get to Jennie's,  
And she cannot get to me.

My dollies are too stupid,  
They will not stir or speak;  
Mother's gone, to stay away  
An everlasting week.

I wish I was a beggar,  
Or a funny duck, — I do!  
I'd travel up the gutter,  
And get wet through and through

I wish I was a flower,  
Away down underground,  
To hear the rain come thumping,  
With such a lively sound!

There! Father says the flowers  
Can't grow without the rain:  
I'd best not tell the showers  
To go away to Spain.

I know! I'll get my paint-box,  
And paint a buttercup,  
And think how soon the darlings  
Will come a-peeping up.

For storms don't last for ever,  
And winter doesn't stay,  
And I shall wake some morning,  
To find we've got to May.

H. W. H.

For The Dayspring.

## LETTERS ABOUT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### I.

DEAR LITTLE DAYSPRING READERS, — It is a long time since I had a talk with you, but some good letters that have told you what books you should read make me think that I can help you about Sunday school. I suppose most of you go to Sunday school. I hope you go, not only because your parents wish you to, — though that is a good reason for going, — but because you really like to, besides liking to be with the other girls and boys.

Now I want you to look into *our* Sunday-school room. It is large and sunny. In summer, a tree almost puts its branches through one open window, as much as to say: "How d'ye do? See how green I am, how my leaves flutter in the wind! In my way I praise the Creator: in your way praise his great name."

Over the table, where I stand through the service and the review-lesson, and when I want to talk to our children, hangs a portrait of dear Mr. Mumford, who was our pastor eight years, and the teacher of the Bible class part of the time. At Christmas we draped his portrait with the coral vine. I think no boy or girl who looks up into that kind face will cherish a cross thought or speak a cross word.

Well, into this pleasant room flock the classes at noon on Sunday. They are mostly punctual, and that is such a good plan, for it makes the school begin right. Next best to being punctual is to be still. I don't know how it is with your settees, but though we gave a deal of money for ours they were not made right, they are not honest settees; that is, the men who made them were not honest. I think the

settees, if they could speak, would say that they would prefer not to squeak and rattle so much. Now, our boys are just as fond of making a noise as other boys. When they shake these unsteady settees, I have to say, "The boys must be quiet."

I call the school to order by a tap on the bell. Now that bell has been the plague of my life in Sunday school. One of those sprites that are so busy in the fairy stories seemed to get into that bell, and hold the tongue; or else the ladies of the sewing-circle bewitched it, — for the harder I pounded it the more it wouldn't go. But it was my fault: now that I tap it gently, it works well, and the classes obey the soft sound. You will find it so too. If you want a cat, dog, horse, brother or sister to do this or that, the only way is to speak gently.

After the school minds the bell, we read the service. Our scholars read well. Sometimes I wish they would read a little louder, — not the prayer, that should always be low and tender. Our scholars sing even better than they read. Sometimes I hear from one of the infant classes a sweet voice that makes me think of heaven, where the angels of dear children always behold the face of their Father.

Next we take around the Mission "mite" boxes. The children like to put their money into these so well, and to try and see how much every class can get, that I think — for I cannot be sure till I look into the boxes — that we shall have more money than usual next May to give the Children's Mission. One of our classes is already begging the teacher to let them take the money this year, and see how the children live at the Mission house.

And now it is full time to attend to the class lessons. One Sunday, early in January, some of our classes were not prepared

with their lessons. The rehearsals for the Christmas Oratorio seemed to have blotted out every one's memory. So I had to do, what I do not like to do, preach them a short sermon. First, in my class, one of the boys answered to my question, "What is the use of coming to Sunday school if you don't know your lesson?" "Learn of the others." But what if the others haven't any lesson?

So I told the school that it was New Year's; and they must turn over a new leaf, and come with well-learned lessons. I told them that if they were rich they would be glad to give their teachers a handsome present, or do any thing else that was kind. But no gift and no kindness would be valued by a teacher so much as having her scholars come with well-prepared lessons.

Why, just think of it, children, — one might as well have a row of dolls or a row of wooden crickets to teach, as a row of children who have not taken the trouble to even read over the lesson enough to talk about it. But there are three words that I like, as well as the little folks, and these words are: "Say it short, say it short." So, good-by, my dears, for the present.

Ever your friend,

E. P. CHANNING.

An English vicar was standing on a Monday morning at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," he replied, "it's some of our very best tatars, — a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in the sermon that *common tatars* didn't agree with you."

For The Dayspring.

# EASTER HYMN.

TUNE. — *Edinburgh.*

RAISE high your glad voices, ye children of song,  
And let the loud echoes your anthem prolong;  
This glad Easter morning, oh, hasten to bring  
Your tribute of praise to your Saviour and King!

Ascending to glory, he burst from the tomb,  
And robbed the dark grave of its sorrow and gloom;  
The angels, beholding, rejoiced at the sight,  
And welcomed him home to the mansions of light.

Since Jesus has entered that city afar,  
Its beautiful gates have stood ever ajar;  
And the grave with its darkness no terror can bring,  
For in Christ's resurrection death loses its sting.

The loved ones are calling us ever and aye,  
And angels are waiting to bear us away, —  
To spread their bright pinions, and waft us on high,  
For Jesus has risen, and we cannot die!

E. H. F.

## EASTER SUNDAY AND THE RED BOXES.

AN Easter Offering to the Children's Mission, — would it not be well for each of our Sunday schools to make one? Perhaps, children, some of you have thought of it, and have already talked it over with your teachers and each other; if not, why not do it now, as Easter comes on the second Sunday in April, and it is quite time to be thinking about it. The Mission needs money this year; and it is upon the children in our homes and Sunday schools that it depends mainly for the means to carry on its work. It is for you, children, to say whether it shall go on doing its lovely and blessed work in your name. Many of you, by your little contributions regularly made, either direct or through your Sunday schools, have given assurance to the managers of the Mission that they may rely



upon you for aid ; and others, as they learn of the good work, are becoming interested to join you in helping to carry it on. And so we believe that you will bear the Mission and its children in mind, and not forget that they are in your care.

It is peculiarly the child of our Sunday schools, and the Mission looks to them for their hearty and constant support. We want them every one to enjoy the privilege of assisting in this beautiful charity ; therefore we suggest to each Sunday school not in the habit of contributing regularly, to make a special collection on Easter Sunday to help on this good work.

Now, about the *Mission Mite-boxes* which so many of you children have. As soon as possible after Easter, the Treasurer of the Mission would like to have you each open your box and send the contents to him, with your name, and number of the box. Be sure to send in season to have the money reach him before the first day of May, so that your contribution may appear in this year's Report, which will be closed on that day. Seal the box up again, and let it do its good work for the Mission another year. Mr. Henry Pickering is the Treasurer ; you can send to him, No. 36 Oliver Street, or to the Office of the Children's Mission, No. 277 Tremont Street, Boston. c.

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Do not try to show off vainly. The world is a workshop, not a stage.

THE tongue is a sharp and dangerous weapon : be cautious, therefore, not to brandish it wantonly or use it heedlessly.

CHARITY is never lost. It may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed ; yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

For The Dayspring.

### SOME SEEDS FELL INTO GOOD GROUND.

THE month of March is making the ground good. The breaking up of the ice, the chilly wind, the freezing and the thawing, the snow and the mud, make March a disagreeable month ; but so long as it makes the ground good for planting and sowing, for flowers and corn, we must speak well of it, and be thankful for the good it does.

When teachers and ministers talk to children on doing right and cultivating the virtues of life, some seeds fall into good ground. Some children are humble and teachable, and are therefore good ground.

If we are not humble, we need softening and moistening as much as the frozen fields need moisture and warmth. So we must not take it hard if we sometimes are made very unhappy by the things that happen to us. We need tears of humility as much as the ground needs humidity.

To change the illustration, we know how glass and iron have to be melted before blown or run into useful and beautiful forms. We must not be surprised if we sometimes must be melted into contrition and humility, in order to grow better and be happier. Surely God loves us too well to let us continue stubborn and proud and conceited, and therefore repentance and sorrow are our blessed friends, when needed.

W. G. B.

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WHEN you attempt any thing that is right, go through with it. Be not easily discouraged. Form habits of perseverance. Yield not to sloth and sleep and fickleness. To resist all these will not be easy ; but you will feel that you have done right when finished.

For The Dayspring.

### BARE BRANCHES.

LEAFLESS branches the trees wave, bare,  
 Yet the germs of waiting buds, aware  
 Of living, linger there, and dream again  
 Of whispering zephyrs, wooing sun, and quickening  
 rain.

So lives may barren seem, — days bare  
 Of gain, or gift, to dear lives we share;  
 Yet germs of loving deeds may wake again,  
 To gleam as jewels, in each link of memory's chain.

A. D. D.

A VERY pretty anecdote is told of the poet Bryant by a former associate in his newspaper office, and which illustrates the man's simplicity of heart. Says the narrator: "One morning many years ago, after reaching his office and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and said: 'I can't get along this morning.'—" 'Why not,' I asked. — 'Oh!' he replied, 'I have done wrong. When on my way here, a little boy flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite. But I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong: I ought to have paid him!'"

THE UNITARIAN REVIEW AND RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE for March is filled with a great variety of solid and useful reading. We know of no periodical in which the articles are more generally able, interesting, and valuable. While it is sufficiently profound and scholarly for the professional man, it is not too dry and heavy for the family. It is a Religious Magazine as well as the Unitarian Review, and adapted to improve the heart as well as inform the head.

## Puzzles.

### ENIGMA. — No. 1.

I am composed of twenty-six letters.  
 My 13, 21, 16, 26, 10, 4, is a near relation.  
 My 22, 1, 8, is a domestic animal.  
 My 20, 12, 17, 9, is an inhabitant of the sea.  
 My 19, 24, 11, is not many.  
 My 5, 3, 10, is a kind of deer.  
 My 23, 6, is a personal pronoun.  
 My 14, 1, 4, is a part of the head.  
 My 9, 7, 18, 4, is a period of time.  
 My 25, 14, 2, is not old.  
 My 15, 25, is a preposition.  
 My whole is an old adage.

E. J. A., age eleven years.

### ENIGMA. — No. 2.

I am composed of nine letters.  
 My 6, 2, 3, 7, is the place in which you live.  
 My 3, 2, 4, is a gathering of people.  
 My 7, 1, 4, is the flowing out of the tide.  
 My 1, 7, 8, 9, 7, 5, are gay young ladies.  
 My whole is an explosive missile.

IRVING, age twelve years.

### SQUARE WORD.

1. A thing used for fastening.
2. A boy's name.
3. Evil spirits.
4. A charming young girl.

IRVING.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

#### ENIGMA.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

#### DECAPITATIONS.

Spear, —pear, —ear.  
 Switch, —witch, —itch.

## THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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